

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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CHAPTER XVI.

It was nearly noon of the next day when Helen awoke to find that McNamara had hidden in from the creek and stopped for breakfast with the judge. He had asked for her, but on hearing the tale of the night's adventure would not allow her to be disturbed. Later he and the judge had gone away together.

Although her judgment approved the step she had contemplated the night before, still the girl now felt a strange reluctance to meet McNamara. It is true that she knew no ill of him except that implied in the accusations of certain envious men, and she was aware that every strong and aggressive character makes enemies in direct proportion to the qualities which lend him greatness. Nevertheless she was aware of an inner conflict that she had not foreseen. This man who so confidently believed that she would marry him did not dominate her consciousness.

She had ridden much of late, taking long solitary gallops beside the shimmering sea that she loved so well or up the winding valleys into the foothills where echoed the roar of swift waters or glinted the flash of shovels blades. This morning her horse was lame, so she determined to walk. In her early rambles she had looked timidly at the rough men she met till she discovered their genuine respect and courtesy. The most unassuming among them were often college bred, although for that matter the roughest of the others showed abundant consideration for a woman. So she was glad to allow the men to talk to her with the free freedom inspired by the new country and its wide spaces. The wilderness breeds a chivalry all its own.

Thus she seemed to be no danger abroad, though they had told the girl of mad dogs which roamed the city, explaining that the hot weather affects powerfully the thick coated, shaggy "malmoots." This is the land of the dog, and, whereas in winter his lot is to labor and sliver and starve, in summer he loafs, fights, grows fat and runs mad with the heat.

Helen walked far and, returning, chose an unfamiliar course through the outskirts of the town to avoid meeting any of the women she knew because of that vivid memory of the night before. As she walked swiftly along she thought that she heard faint cries far behind her. Looking up, she noted that it was a lonely, barren quarter and that the only figure in sight was a woman some distance away. A few paces further on the shouts recurred, more plainly this time, and a gun shot sounded. Glancing back, she saw several men running, one bearing a smoking revolver, and heard nearer still the snarling hubbub of fighting dogs. In a flash the girl's curiosity became horror, for as she watched one of the dogs made a sudden dash through the now subdued group of animals and ran swiftly along the plank on which she stood. It was a handsome specimen of the Eskimo malmoot—tall, grey and coated like a wolf, with the speed, strength and cunning of its cousin. Its head hung low and swung from side to side as it trotted, the motion flicking foam and slobber. The creature had scattered the pack and now, swift, menacing, relentless, was coming toward Helen. There was no shelter near, no fence, no house, save the distant one toward which the other woman was making her way. The men, too far away to protect her, shouted hoarse warnings.

Helen did not scream or hesitate—she turned and ran, terror stricken, toward the distant cottage. She was filled with fright and felt an utter certainty that the dog would attack her before she could reach safety. Yes; there was the quick patter of his pads close up behind her. Her knees weakened. The sheltering door was yet some yards away. But a horse tethered near the walk reared and snorted as the flying pair drew near. The mad creature swerved, leaped at the horse's legs and snarled in fury. Badly frightened at this attack, the horse lunged at his halter, broke it and galloped away, but the delay had served for Helen, weak and faint, to reach the door. She wrenched at the knob. It was locked. As she turned hopelessly away she saw that the other woman was directly behind her and was, in her turn, awaiting the mad animal's onslaught, but calmly, a tiny revolver in her hand.

"Shoot!" screamed Helen. "Why don't you shoot?" The little gun spoke, the dog spun around, snarling and yelping. The woman fired several times more before it lay still and then remarked calmly as she "broke" the weapon and ejected the shells: "The caliber is too small to be good for much."

Helen sank down upon the steps. "How well you shoot!" she gasped. Her eyes were on the gray bundle whose death agonies had thrust it almost to her feet. The men had run up and were talking excitedly, but after a word with them the woman turned to Helen.

"You must come in for a moment and recover yourself," she said and led her inside.

It was a cozy room in which the girl found herself—more than that, luxurious. There was a piano with scattered music and many of the pretty, feminine things that Helen had not seen since leaving home. The hostess had stepped behind some curtains for an instant and was talking to her from the next room.

"That is the third mad dog I have seen this month. Hydrophobia is becoming a habit in this neighborhood." She returned, bearing a tiny silver tray with decenter and glasses.

"You're all unstrung, but this brandy will help you—if you don't object to a swallow of it. Then come right in

here and lie down for a moment and you'll be all right." She spoke with such genuine kindness and sympathy that Helen flashed a grateful glance at her. She was tall, slender, and with a peculiar undulating suggestion in her movements, as though she had been bred to the clinging folds of silken garments. Helen watched the charm of her smile, the friendly solicitude of her expression, and felt her heart warm toward this one kind woman in Nome.

"You're very good," she answered; "but I'm all right now. I was badly frightened. It was wonderful, your saving me." She followed the other's graceful motion as she placed her burden on the table, and in doing so gazed squarely at a photograph of Roy Glenister.

"Oh!" Helen exclaimed and then paused as it flashed over her who this girl was. She looked at her quickly. Yes, probably men would consider the woman beautiful, with that smile. The revelation came with a shock, and she arose, trying to mask her confusion.

"Thank you so much for your kindness. I'm quite myself now and I must go."

Her change of face could not escape the quick perceptions of one schooled by experience in the slights of her sex. Times without number Cherry Malotte had marked that subtle, scornful change in other women, and reviled herself for heeding it. But in some way this girl's manner hurt her worst of all. She betrayed no sign, however, save a widening of the eyes and a certain flash of smile as she answered:

"I wish you would stay until you are rested, Miss—"

"Chester. My name is Helen Chester. I'm Judge Stillman's niece," hurried the other, in embarrassment.

Cherry Malotte withdrew her proffered hand and her face grew hard and hateful.

"Oh! So you are Miss Chester—and I—saved you!" She laughed harshly.

Helen strove for calmness. "I'm sorry you feel that way," she said coolly. "I appreciate your service to me." She moved toward the door.

"Wait a moment. I want to talk to you." Then, as Helen paid no heed, the woman burst out bitterly: "Oh, don't be afraid! I know you are committing an unpardonable sin by talking to me, but no one will see you, and in your code the crime lies in being discovered. Therefore, you're quite safe. That's what makes me an outcast—I was found out. I want you to know, however, that, had I am, I'm better than you, for I'm loyal to those that like me, and I don't betray my friends."

"I don't pretend to understand you," said Helen coldly.

"Oh, yes, you do! Don't assume such innocence. Of course it's your role, but you can't play it with me." She stepped in front of her visitor, placing her back against the door, while her face was bitter and mocking. "The little service I did you just now entitles me to a privilege, I suppose, and I'm going to take advantage of it to tell you how badly your mask fits. Dreadfully rude of me, isn't it? You're in with a fine lot of crooks, and I admire the way you've done your share of the dirty work, but when you assume these scandalized, supervirtuous airs it offends me."

"Let me out!"

"I've done bad things," Cherry continued unheedingly, "but I was forced into them usually, and I never deliberately tried to wreck a man's life just for his money."

"What do you mean by saying that I have betrayed my friends and wrecked anybody's life?" Helen demanded hotly.

"Bah! I had you sized up at the start, but Roy couldn't see it. Then Struve told me what I hadn't guessed. A bottle of wine, a woman, and that fool will tell all he knows. It's a great game McNamara's playing, and he did well to get you in on it, for you're clever, your nerve is good, and your makeup is great for the part. I ought to know, for I've turned a few tricks myself. You'll pardon this little burst of feeling—professional pique. I'm jealous of your ability, that's all. However, now that you realize we're in the same class, don't look down on me hereafter." She opened the door and bowed her guest out with elaborate mockery.

Helen was too bewildered and humiliated to make much out of this vicious and unheeding attack except the fact that Cherry Malotte accused her of a part in this conspiracy which every one seemed to believe existed. Here again was that hint of corruption which she encountered on all sides. This might be merely a woman's jealousy, and yet she said Struve had told her all about it—that a bottle of wine and a pretty face would make the lawyer disclose everything. She could believe it from what she knew and had heard of him. The feeling that she was groping in the dark, that she was wrapped in a mysterious web of secrecy, came over her again as it had so often of late. If Struve talked to that other woman, why wouldn't he talk to her? She paused, changing her direction toward front street, revolving rapidly in her mind as she went her course of action. Cherry Malotte believed her to be an actress. Very well, she would prove her judgment right.

She found Struve busy in his private office, but he leaped to his feet on her entrance and came forward, offering her a chair.

"Good morning, Miss Helen. You have a fine color, considering the night you passed. The judge told me all about the affair, and let me state that you're the luckiest girl I know."

She smiled faintly at the thought of what made her cheeks glow and languidly loosened the buttons of her jacket.

"I suppose you're very busy, you lawyer man?" she inquired.

"Yes, but not too busy to attend to anything you want."

"Oh, I didn't come on business," she said lightly. "I was out walking and merely sauntered in."

"Well, I appreciate that all the more," he said in an altered tone, twisting his chair about. "I'm more than delighted." She judged she was setting on well from the way his professionalism had dropped off.

"Yes, I get tired of talking to uncle and Mr. McNamara. They treat me as though I were a little girl."

"When do you take the fatal step?" "What step do you mean?"

"Your marriage. When does it occur? You needn't hesitate," he added. "McNamara told me about it a month ago."

He felt his throat gingerly at the thought, but his eyes brightened when she answered lightly:

"I think you are mistaken. He must have been joking."

For some time she led him on amiably, talking of many things in a way to make him wonder at her new and flippant humor. He had never dreamed she could be like this—so tantalizingly close to familiarity and yet so maddeningly aloof and distant. He grew bolder in his speech.

"How are things going with us?" she questioned as his warmth grew pronounced. "Uncle won't talk, and Mr. McNamara is as close mouthed as can be lately."

He looked at her quickly. "In what respect?"

She summoned up her courage and walked past the rugged edge of uncertainty.

"Now, don't you try to keep me in short dresses too. It's getting wearisome. I've done my part, and I want to know what the rest of you are doing." She was prepared for any answer.

"What do you want to know?" he asked cautiously.

"Everything. Don't you think I can hear what people are saying?"

"Oh, that's all! Well, don't you pay any attention to what people say."

She recognized her mistake and continued hurriedly:

"Why shouldn't I? Aren't we all in this together? I object to being used and then discarded. I think I'm entitled to know how the scheme is working. Don't you think I can keep my mouth shut?"

"Of course," he laughed, trying to change the subject of their talk. But she arose and leaned against the desk near him, vowing that she would leave the office without perceiving some part of this mystery. His manner strengthened her suspicion that there was something behind it all. This dispirited, brilliant creature knew the situation thoroughly, and yet, though awayed by her efforts, he remained chained by caution. She leaned forward and smiled at him.

"You're just like the others, aren't you? You won't give me any satisfaction at all."

"Give, give, give," said Struve cynically. "That's always the woman's cry. Give me this give me that. Selfish sex! Why don't you offer something in return? Men are traders; women users. You are curious; hence miserable. I can help you, therefore I should do it for a smile. You ask me to break my promises and risk my honor on your caprice. Well, that's womanlike, and I'll do it. I'll put myself in your power, but I won't do it gratis. No; we'll trade."

"It isn't curiosity," she denied indignantly; "it is my due."

"No; you've heard the common talk and grown suspicious, that's all. You think I know something that will throw a new light or a new shadow on everything you have in the world, and you've worked up to such a condition that you can't take your own people's word; and, on the other hand, you can't go to strangers, so you come to me. Suppose I tell you I had the papers you brought to me last spring to that safe and that they told the whole story—whether your uncle is unimpeachable or whether he deserved hanging by that mob—what would you do, eh? What would you give to see them? Well, they're there and ready to speak for themselves. If you're a woman you won't rest till you've seen them. Will you trade?"

"Yes, yes! Give them to me," she cried eagerly, at which a wave of crimson rushed up to his eyes and he rose abruptly from his chair. He made toward her, but she retreated to the wall, pale and wide eyed.

"Can't you see," she flung at him. "That I must know?"

He paused. "Of course I can, but I want a kiss to bind the bargain—to apply on account." He reached for her hand with his own hot one, but she pushed him away and slipped past him toward the door.

"Suit yourself," said he, "but if I'm not mistaken you'll never rest till you've seen those papers. I've studied you, and I'll place a bet that you can't marry McNamara or look your uncle in the eye till you know the truth. If you might do either if you knew them to be crooks, but you couldn't if you only suspected it—that's the woman. When you get ready, come back. I'll show you proof, because I don't chafe to be anything but what I am—William Struve, bargainer of some mean ability. When they come to inscribe my headstone I hope they can carve there on with truth. He got value received."

"You're a panther," she said loathingly.

"Graceful and elegant brute, that," he laughed. "Affectionate and full of play, but with sharp teeth and sharper claws. To follow out the idea, which pleases me, I believe the creature owes no loyalty to its fellows, and hunts alone. Now, when you've followed this conspiracy out and placed the blame where it belongs, won't you come and tell me about it? That door leads into an outer hall which opens into the street. No one will see you come or go."

As she hurried along she wondered dazedly why she had stayed to listen so long. What a monster he was! His meaning was plain, had always been so from the first day he laid eyes on her, and he was utterly conscienceless. She had known all this; and yet, in her proud, youthful confidence, and in her need, every hour more desperate and urgent, to know the truth, she had dared risk herself with him. William, the man was shrewd and observant and had divined her mental condition with remarkable sagacity. She had talked with him; but the kiss now knew that she could never rest till she found an answer to her questions. She must kill this suspicion that ate into her soul. She thought tenderly of her uncle's goodness to her, clung with despairing faith to the last of her kin. The blood ties of the Chesters were close and she felt in dire need of that lost brother who was somewhere in this mysterious land—need of some one in whom ran the strain that bound her to the weak old man up yonder. There was McNamara; but how could he help her, how much did she know of him, this man who was now within the darkest shadow of her new suspicion?

Feeling almost intolerably friendless and alone, weakened both by her recent fright and by her encounter with Struve, Helen considered as calmly as her emotions would allow and decided that this was no day in which pride should figure. There were facts which it was imperative she should know, and immediately, therefore, a few minutes later, she knocked at the door of Cherry Malotte.

When the girl appeared, Helen was astonished to see that she had been crying. Tears burn hottest and leave plainest trace in eyes where they come most seldom. The younger girl could not guess the tumult of emotion the other had undergone during her absence, the utter depths of self abasement she had fashioned, for the sight of Helen and her fresh young beauty had aroused in the adventuress a very tempest of bitterness and jealousy. Whether Helen Chester were guilty or innocent, how could Glenister hesitate between them? Cherry had asked herself. Now she stared at her visitor hospitably and without sign.

"Will you let me come in?" Helen asked her. "I have something to say to you."

When they were inside, Cherry Malotte stood and gazed at her visitor with uncalculating eyes and stony face. "It isn't easy for me to come back," Helen began, "but I felt that I had to. If you can help me, I hope you will. You said that you knew a great wrong was being done. I have suspected it, but I didn't know, and I've been afraid to doubt my own people. You said I had a part in it—that I'd betrayed my friends. Wait a moment," she hurried on at the other's cynical smile. "Won't you tell me what you know and what you think my part has been? I've heard and seen things that make me think—oh, they make me afraid to think, and yet I can't find the truth. You see, in a struggle like this, people will make all sorts of allegations, but do they know, have they any proof, that my uncle has done wrong?"

"Is that all?"

"No. You said Struve told you the whole scheme. I went to him and tried to cajole the story out of him, but—"

She shivered at the memory. "What success did you have?" inquired the listener, oddly curious for all her cold dislike.

"Don't ask me. I hate to think of it."

Cherry laughed cruelly. "So, falling there, you came back to me, back for another favor from the wail. Well, Miss Helen Chester, I don't believe a word you've said, and I'll tell you nothing. Go back to the uncle and the rambled lover who sent you, and inform them that I'll speak when the time comes. They think I know too much, do they?—so they've sent you to spy? Well, I'll make a compact. You play your game, and I'll play mine. Leave Glenister alone, and I'll not tell on McNamara. Is it a bargain?"

"No, no, no! Can't you see? That's not it. All I want is the truth of this thing."

"Then go back to Struve and get it. He'll tell you; I won't. Drive your bargain with him—you're idle. You're fooled better men—now, see what you can do with him."

Helen left, realizing the futility of further effort, though she felt that this woman did not really doubt her, but was scourged by jealousy till she deliberately chose this attitude.

Reaching her own house, she wrote two brief notes and called in her Jap boy from the kitchen.

"Fred, I want you to hunt up Mr. Glenister and give him this note. If you can't find him, then look for his partner and give the other to him." Fred vanished, to return in an hour with the letter for Dextery still in his hand.

"I don't catch this fellow," he explained. "Young man says he gone, come back maybe one, two, eleven days."

"Did you deliver the one to Mr. Glenister?"

"Yes, m'm'am."

"Was there an answer?"


"Yes, m'm'am."

"Well, give it to me."

The note read:

Dear Miss Chester—A discussion of a matter so familiar to us both as the Anvik creek controversy would be useless. If your inclination is due to the incidents of last night, pray don't trouble yourself. We don't want your pity. I am your servant, ROY GLENISTER.

As she read the note, Judge Stillman entered, and it seemed to the girl that he had aged a year for every hour in the last twelve, or else the yellow afternoon light flamed the sagging hollows and haggard lines of his face more pitilessly. He showed in voice and manner the nervous burden under which he labored.



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Saturday, November 9, 1907.

Now that the State election is over it is time to remember that there are important offices to fill at the city election in December.

The battleship fleet which leaves Dec. 16, for the Pacific ocean, will carry \$300,000 for payrolls, etc. A million dollars will not go far with that expedition.

Edward Payson Weston, the aged pedestrian, is well ahead of the record made by him some forty years ago on a similar long distance walking tour. There seems to be no call for Olerium in his case.

There seems to be considerable alarm in Germany regarding the health of the Kaiser. He is a strong personality, controlling the destinies of a great nation, and any untimely termination of his life would have a marked effect upon the German Empire.

Newport responded nobly to the demand that she stand by her own Senator Wetmore is very strong in Newport and all attempts to injure his standing here only rebounded upon his opponents. If there had been one more Democratic rally here, perhaps the election would have been unanimous for the Republicans.

A Washington report says Ethel Root will soon retire from Secretaryship of State and will be succeeded by Robert Bacon. We hope that then he will announce himself an active candidate for the Presidency. Root is the ablest man in the country today and is not hampered as Taft is by being the residuary legatee of the President.

The financial crisis in America has already been felt by Parisian real estate agents, jewelers, hotel keepers and auto agents. Many Americans who had expected to stay for several months in France have cut their visits short and are returning home. There is no great loss without some small gain. If Americans would stay at home more it would be better for this country.

The Vanderbilt family have always been good friends of Newport, ready to give liberally to any deserving object. The gift of \$100,000 by Alfred G. Vanderbilt to the Young Men's Christian Association is a further evidence of the liberality of this family. Like the Vanderbilt ward at the Newport Hospital it will be a fitting memorial to the memory of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt.

As was expected the State of Massachusetts went overwhelmingly Republican, Governor Curtis Guild being re-elected by a surprisingly large plurality. The split in the ranks of the Democrats was to a large extent responsible for this result. One surprising feature of the election was the showing made by the candidate of the Independence League who received nearly as many votes as the regular Democratic nominee. Butlett was left far in the rear.

Leslie M. Shaw says: "If Congress last winter had authorized additional bank circulation equal to 50 per cent, of the capital of the national banks, unsecured, but heavily taxed and guaranteed by the government, the panic and resultant ruin to thousands and starvation to many more would have been averted. A frightened public has carried home and concealed many millions of money now needed for reserves."

It is to be hoped that the disaster that has befallen the Jamestown Exposition will be a lesson to other communities that desire to advertise themselves in a similar manner. There have been too many "neighborhood" international expositions in the last ten years or more and it is to be hoped that a respite may be given for a while. It would be much better for the country to concentrate its strength on some really great fair, like that at Chicago, at intervals of perhaps twenty-five years.

The election in Rhode Island may be looked upon as a great Republican victory, notwithstanding the fact that a Democratic Governor was elected. The fight was made principally over the election of a United States Senator and the control of the Legislature, in both of which the Democrats made a poorer showing than last year. Col. Goddard was hopelessly beaten for the Senatorship and he may well feel that his two years' association with the Democrats, who wanted his name for the sake of his money has been a very profitless experience.

The amount of senseless twaddle that has appeared in the newspapers outside the State in regard to the election on Tuesday is disgusting to every loyal son of Rhode Island. Having a total ignorance of the actual conditions here the editors of great metropolitan newspapers have taken their cue from the Providence Journal and printed columns of lying trash about the depravity of Rhode Island. The shame of Rhode Island lies not in the ranks of the Republican party but in the office of a great newspaper, which, for the purpose of furthering the candidacy of one of its principal owners, has not hesitated to malign outrageously the motives and conduct of the most honorable men. O Reform, what crimes are committed in thy name!

The State Election.

The result of the election throughout the State on Tuesday was very pleasing to the Republicans generally and to those of Newport in particular. Notwithstanding the bitter attacks of the Democratic splinterers a Legislature was elected that will elect George Peabody Wetmore United States Senator on the first ballot, the Republican majority in grand committee being larger this year than last. Although the Democrats made slight gains in a few of the towns, where personal reasons were responsible for disaffection, the Republicans elected their entire delegation in Pawtucket and four out of six in Woonsocket, thus more than offsetting the losses in the smaller towns. The makeup of the General Assembly is very gratifying to the Republicans and must be a severe blow to the Democratic candidate for Senator, Col. Goddard, whose representation there is smaller than last year, although every effort was made by himself and his henchmen to control the Legislature. Seldom has a more effective rebuke been administered to the aspirations of an undesirable candidate.

The defeat of Frederick H. Jackson for the office of Governor was a disappointment to the Republicans for they feel that the so-called reform element have compassed the rejection of the one man who is best able to bring about the aim for which they pretend to be working. An efficient and honorable man, with a profound horror of deceit or misrepresentation of any kind, Frederick H. Jackson would have made a noble figure as the Governor of the State of Rhode Island and one of which his fellow-citizens might well have been proud.

Both Republicans and Democrats are claiming to have elected their candidate for Lieutenant Governor, and the result must be very close. No positive announcement of the election can be made until after the State Returning Board has completed the recount of the ballots cast, for the throwing out of a very few defective ballots may effect either one or the other. The figures that we give below to the vote for Lieutenant Governor are those compiled by the Providence Journal which claims to have verified them very carefully with the wardens' count from the various districts. These show a slight plurality for Mr. Sisson, the Democratic nominee, but the Tribune's compilation gives a small plurality for Mr. Watrous. The plurality in either case is so small that a careful recount of the votes may upset it. This office is rather important, as the Lieutenant Governor has a vote in the Senate, but even if the Democratic candidate is declared elected Mr. Wetmore will still have an overwhelming majority in grand committee.

There have been several so-called independent candidates elected to the General Assembly. In Middletown the Good Government ticket was elected over the regular Republicans but both the Senator and Representative are earnest in their support of Senator Wetmore. In East Greenwich Samuel W. K. Allen was defeated but his opponent was a Republican and will vote for Senator Wetmore. The town of Bristol elected a fusion ticket but that town is very far from being Democratic or even "Lincoln-Republican," so the delegation is looked upon favorably by the Republicans.

The result of the vote in the State, on the face of the Wardens' returns, was as follows:

FOR GOVERNOR.				
	Rep.	Dem.	Pro.	St. L. Soc.
Barrington	137	110	5	0
Bristol	621	651	15	0
Burrillville	621	338	14	0
Central Falls	1416	7	1	0
Charlestown	653	293	2	0
Cranston	1188	322	27	0
Cumberland	585	318	4	0
East Greenwich	1102	57	1	0
East Providence	1030	563	41	0
Exeter	111	102	1	0
Foster	185	112	0	0
Glocester	265	18	0	0
Hopkinton	133	59	0	0
Jamestown	377	368	0	0
Johnston	581	627	0	0
Lincoln	113	17	0	0
Little Compton	192	61	0	0
Middletown	164	10	0	0
Narragansett	174	15	0	0
Newport	2102	174	1	0
New Shoreham	125	95	1	0
No. Providence	451	259	11	0
No. Kingstown	257	21	0	0
No. Smithfield	221	6	0	0
Pawtucket	3674	1115	51	17
Providence	6013	13181	294	112
Richmond	1192	63	0	0
Salisbury	838	451	21	0
Southfield	191	131	7	0
So. Kingstown	325	451	29	0
Tiverton	1571	415	10	0
Warwick	371	472	0	0
Westerly	1810	1529	59	0
W. Greenwich	102	37	17	0
Woonsocket	1411	1735	25	0
Totals	80177	33325	782	273
Majority plurality	47162			

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Glocester	265	18	0	0
Hopkinton	133	59	0	0
Jamestown	377	368	0	0
Johnston	581	627	0	0
Lincoln	113	17	0	0
Little Compton	192	61	0	0
Middletown	164	10	0	0
Narragansett	174	15	0	0
Newport	2102	174	1	0
New Shoreham	125	95	1	0
No. Providence	451	259	11	0
No. Kingstown	257	21	0	0
No. Smithfield	221	6	0	0
Pawtucket	3674	1115	51	17
Providence	6013	13181	294	112
Richmond	1192	63	0	0
Salisbury	838	451	21	0
Southfield	191	131	7	0
So. Kingstown	325	451	29	0
Tiverton	1571	415	10	0
Warwick	371	472	0	0
Westerly	1810	1529	59	0
W. Greenwich	102	37	17	0
Woonsocket	1411	1735	25	0
Totals	80177	33325	782	273
Majority plurality	47162			

FOR GOVERNOR.				
	Rep.	Dem.	Pro.	St. L. Soc.
Barrington	137	110	5	0
Bristol	621	651	15	0
Burrillville	621	338	14	0
Central Falls	1416	7	1	0
Charlestown	653	293	2	0
Cranston	1188	322	27	0
Cumberland	585	318	4	0
East Greenwich	1102	57	1	0
East Providence	1030	563	41	0
Exeter	111	102	1	0
Foster	185	112	0	0
Glocester	265	18	0	0
Hopkinton	133	59	0	0
Jamestown	377	368	0	0
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Northam 125	95	4	0	0	D.; 5
Northampton 451	259	11	0	0	A. G.
North Providence 275	275	1	1	3	8, G.
North Smithfield 136	221	6	2	3	O'Con
North Weymouth 3674	1115	51	17	62	D.; 11
North Weymouth 155	62	21	0	0	
North Weymouth 9313	13181	294	112	372	

105,000 PLURALITY

Republicans Win by a Large Margin in Massachusetts

WHITNEY THEIR NEAREST OPPONENT

Higgen Came Close to Democratic Nominee, While Bartlett Was a Poor Fourth—Moran Wins Suffolk County Contest For District Attorney—New York Fusionists Beaten by Democrats—Rhode Island Carried by Democrats—Fort Wins in New Jersey—Tom Johnson Victorious in Cleveland—Results in Other Places

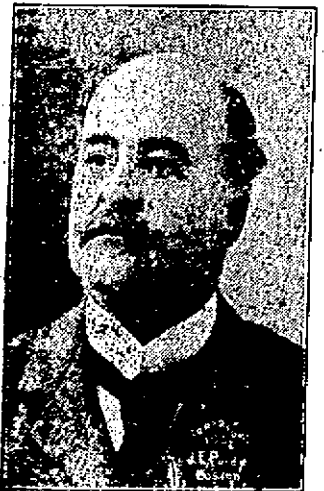
Boston, Nov. 7.—Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston was elected governor of Massachusetts for the third time by a plurality of 105,031 over Henry M. Whitney, the regular Democratic nominee, who was also running on nomination papers under the two designations of "Independent Citizens" and "Democratic Citizens' Nomination Paper." The press associations collected the Whitney vote as a total only, so it is impossible at present to state what he received under each designation. The total vote of the state was 358,500, as against a gubernatorial vote of 428,278 last year, and one of 440,107 in the last presidential year, 1904.



CURTIS GUILD, JR.

The complexion of the next legislature will remain about the same as last year, 170 Republican and 70 Democratic members of the house, and 28 Republican and 12 Democratic members of the senate. The state officers elected were:

Governor, Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston; Lieutenant Governor, Eben S. Draper of Hopkinton; secretary of state, William Olin of Boston; treasurer, Arthur D. Chapin of Holyoke; auditor, Henry E. Turner of Malden; attorney general, Dana Malone of Greenfield.



EBEN S. DRAPER.

Governor Guild was opposed for re-election by six other candidates: Henry M. Whitney of Brookline, Democratic, and also running on two sets of nomination papers; Thomas L. Higgen of West Springfield, Independence League; Charles W. Bartlett of Newton, Anti-Merger; Hervey S. Cowell of Ashburnham, Prohibitionist; John W. Brown of Worcester, Socialist; and Thomas F. Brennan of Salem, Socialist-Labor.



JOHN B. MORAN.

There was a close fight between Whitney and Higgen, but the returns indicate that the former led the latter by about 10,000 votes. Bartlett polled about 13,000 votes, compared with about 83,000 for Whitney and 73,000 for Higgen.

Next to the state ticket interest in the election centered in the contests in Suffolk county for district attorney and sheriff. For the former office Joseph A. Dennison, Dem., and Walter A. Webster, Rep., opposed the re-election of John B. Moran, the candidate of the Independence League and also run-

ning on nomination papers. Here again the Independence League came into prominence, as Moran was re-elected by a plurality of 27,820.

The contest for sheriff in Suffolk county between Fred H. Seavey, Rep., who was seeking re-election, and James Donovan, Dem., was so close that it was not until late that the result was definitely known. Seavey being re-elected by a plurality of 10,835.

The New York Fight
New York, Nov. 6.—Sufficiently complete returns to make certain the ultimate results show that Republican and Independence League fusion in New York county was defeated by a straight Democratic ticket; that the Independence League ticket for associate justices of the court of appeals was overwhelmingly beaten by the identical tickets of the Republicans and Democrats, and that there will be a slight change in the make-up of the state assembly. In this city the Independence League court of appeals ticket was defeated four to one and the league vote up-state was light.

Fort Elected in New Jersey
Trenton, Nov. 7.—Frank S. Katzenbach, Jr., Democratic candidate for governor, concedes the election of John F. Fort, his Republican opponent, and has sent Fort congratulations and best wishes for a successful administration. The latest figures give the state to Fort by about 7000. Late returns do not change the complexion of the state senate, which gives the Republicans 14 to 7 for the Democrats.

Thinks Katzenbach Was Elected
New York, Nov. 8.—Chairman Hindspeith of the New Jersey state Democratic committee says that he believes that Katzenbach, Dem., has been elected governor of that state by a clean majority. The returns as made public indicate Fort, Rep., to be elected by 7357 plurality.

Wilson Has About 14,000 Plurality
Louisville, Nov. 7.—Returns indicate that the majority of A. E. Wilson, Rep., for governor over S. W. Hager, is 14,000. The legislature is still in doubt, but the Democrats will probably have a small majority on joint ballot. This would mean the election of Beckham as United States senator.

The Pennsylvania Election
Philadelphia, Nov. 6.—John O. Shenk, Rep., was elected state treasurer over John G. Harman, Dem., by 176,000 plurality. This was the only state office voted for and a light vote was polled in nearly every county.

Democrats Carry Maryland
Baltimore, Nov. 6.—Conservative estimates, based on very meagre information, indicate that Crothers, Dem., for governor, will carry the state and city by from 6000 to 8000.

In Democratic Virginia
Richmond, Nov. 6.—The election in Virginia was only for candidates to both branches of the legislature. The Democrats will control both houses by the usual majority.

Noel For Governor
Jackson, Miss., Nov. 6.—The Democratic state ticket, headed by E. F. Noel, for governor, was elected. Only a small vote was cast.

Tom Johnson's Victory
Cleveland, Nov. 6.—Mayor Tom L. Johnson was re-elected for the fourth time as mayor of Cleveland in a hard-fought battle in which the Republican party ticket was headed by Congressman Burton, chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors.

Another Victory For Anti-Mormons
Salt Lake City, Nov. 6.—Municipal candidates of the American (anti-Mormon) party, probably will have the largest plurality ever given in this city. Bransford, for mayor, will have from 7000 to 10,000 plurality over Phummer, Rep., and Morris, Dem., whose strength is evenly divided. The Americans will control the council. They have been in power for the last two years.

Good Government Wins
San Francisco, Nov. 7.—It is apparent that the entire Good Government League ticket is elected, with the exception of county clerk and treasurer, and possibly one of the 18 supervisors. It is estimated that Taylor, for mayor, will have a majority of 22,000 and Langdon, for district attorney, a majority of 14,000.

Bridgeport Rejects Mulvihill
Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 6.—Henry Lee, Rep., was elected mayor in the city election here, defeating former Mayor Denis Mulvihill, Dem., known as the "stoker mayor," by a majority of about 400. All the other candidates on the Democratic ticket were elected. The city also went license.

Child Played With Revolver
Everett, Mass., Nov. 8.—Clifford McCausland, 1 year old, with his brother, Charles, aged 6, and his young sister, gained access to his father's desk and secured a loaded revolver. The revolver was discharged while Clifford was playing with it and the boy was shot in the head, dying in a short time.

Says He Shot in Self Defense
Skowhegan, Me., Nov. 8.—John Williams, proprietor of the Somerset house at Somerset Junction, was brought here and locked up on a charge of manslaughter on account of the killing of Harry Sheasgreen. Williams asserted that he shot Sheasgreen in self-defense.

Malicious Prosecution Alleged
Burlington, Vt., Nov. 8.—The plant of the Lumiere North American company in this city was attached in a suit for \$20,000 for damages for alleged malicious prosecution, brought by Frederick J. White, formerly superintendent of the company.

Death Sentence For Murderer
New Haven, Nov. 7.—John Washlensky, charged with the death of Peter Lukasevich, was found guilty of murder in the first degree by a jury in the superior court and was sentenced to be hanged on April 1, 1908. Jealousy is said to have been the cause of the murder.

CONFLICT IS ENDED

Telegraph Strike Ends Just About as It Begun

LEFT KEYS IN AUGUST

Trouble Started in July at Los Angeles Over Failure of Company to Reinstall an Operator—Fight Resolved in Test of Endurance

New York, Nov. 8.—Without having gained a single one of their demands the nation telegraphers of the country have abandoned the strike against the companies. Wednesday the New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Portland, Or., and Denver locals officially voted a suspension of hostilities and there was a rush of men seeking reinstatement. Thus the movement ends just as it began. Action by locals first, approval of it later by the executive committee. The national board may now be expected to formally declare the strike off.

Began in July and born of the failure of the company to reinstall an operator in Los Angeles, the strike has been gradually petering out and its end long regarded as simply a matter of time. When the companies refused to put back at work a telegrapher they had discharged in Los Angeles all the men in that city left their keys. For a day or two the trouble was strictly local. But when non-union operators were employed, outside cities, notably Chicago, began to suffer. Union men refused to work "scab" wires, and one great avenue of communication to the west was closed. But still the country east of the Mississippi remained unaffected as far as the strike itself was concerned.

On Aug. 12, however, the men in New York left their keys. In an incredibly short time similar action was taken in every large city of the country. The strike in every sense became general. And all this time no official order for the men to quit had come from the national union's headquarters.

But on Aug. 15 the executive committee met and formally called out all the commercial operators in the United States and Canada. For a week or more the telegraph service was very badly crippled. Messages were nowhere accepted without the reservation "subject to delay," and in some cases were not accepted at all.

The companies met the situation firmly and refused all offers of arbitration. President Roosevelt persistently refused to intervene, but delegated to Commissioner Neill all powers in this direction. Neill took immediate action and held many conferences with leaders of both parties, but was compelled to admit that settlement was out of the question.

Then the fight resolved itself into a test of endurance. Railroad and leased-wire operators were allowed to remain at their keys and pledged financial aid to the commercial men. But the resources of the strikers began to dwindle. An appeal for money to the Federation of Labor brought little result, and the strikers commenced to show signs of weakening.

The companies by the aid of non-union men restored the service to some degree near its normal condition and announced day after day that so far as they were concerned, the strike was over, the "subject to delay" reservation on messages having been withdrawn. Gradually the strikers began to ask for reinstatement, the men in the smaller cities being the first to get in line. In many places the locals themselves declared the strike off, and finally, in only a few of the large cities, were the strikers able to present a solid front. Chicago, always a stronghold of the Telegraphers' union, at last gave up the fight.

Abandoned to Underwriters
Boston, Nov. 7.—The officials of the Ocean Steamship company have decided to abandon to the underwriters the steamer City of Birmingham, which sank in Boston harbor on Monday after striking a sunken scow. It is understood that the steamer was insured for \$150,000. Agents for the Underwriters' association will make an examination of the craft, with the view of salvaging her if possible.

Schooner Wrecked in Squall
Kennebunkport, Me., Nov. 7.—Caught in a squall while trying to make Cape Porpoise harbor, schooner Jonathan Sawyer of Portsmouth, N. H., bound for Saco with coal, ran ashore on Goat Island and will be a total loss. The crew of seven men reached shore safely in their own boat. The Sawyer was valued at \$70,000.

Receivers For Union Trust
Providence, Nov. 7.—In the superior court, Judge Sweetland appointed Rathbone Gardner and J. M. Scott co-receivers of the Union Trust company of this city, Central Falls and East Greenwich, which closed its doors Oct. 25. A hearing will be given on Dec. 7 on the question of making the receivership permanent.

Latest Report From Karatagh
St. Petersburg, Nov. 8.—A dispatch received here from Samarkand says that a special representative of a local paper who was sent to Karatagh, which was destroyed by a landslide following the earthquake of Oct. 21, reports that 3400 persons were killed there, and that only 70 escaped.

Colliding Steamer Exonerated
New Haven, Nov. 8.—The report of Inspector Harris on the collision between steamer Puritan and schooner Mildred A. Pope, off Faulkner's Island, exonerates the steamer's officers from all blame. The Pope was dismantled and when towed in here was beached on the mud flats, where the craft remains.

SEARLES PLEAD GUILTY

Sentenced to Imprisonment For Life For Wife Murder

Farmington Me., Nov. 8.—Harvey A. Searles, on trial for the murder of his wife, retracted his plea of not guilty, and immediately after was sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor in the Thomaston jail. It was a most dramatic ending to the shortest murder trial which has ever taken place in Franklin county.

The announcement made by his counsel that he wanted to retract his plea of not guilty came as a bombshell. The life sentence was inevitable and was the only penalty under the Maine law.

The plea made by the defense that Searles was insane when the murder was committed was entirely swept away by the testimony of Dr. Sauter, head of the Augusta state insane asylum, who declared that in his opinion Searles had not been insane.

Say Farming Is Decaying
Worcester, Mass., Nov. 8.—Milk producers in this section state that the data presented to railroad commissioners by the railroads showing the amount of milk brought into Boston from the country and the prohibitive prices for shipment to independent contractors prove conclusively that the dairy and agricultural interests of Massachusetts are in a state of decay. Though the farming lands in this and other country sections are rich, they are unproductive because of existing evils.

Indebted \$5 of Over \$1,300,000
Burlington, Vt., Nov. 8.—Receivers were appointed for the North Pawnee Manufacturing company of North Pawnee in the United States circuit court on petition of the North Adams (Mass.) National bank. The petitioner states that the company is indebted to the North Adams National bank for a promissory note for \$10,000 which is overdue and that the company owes other persons, banks and corporations about \$1,300,000.

Town Partially Flooded
Leominster, Mass., Nov. 8.—For the second time within a month this town was partly flooded by the breaking of a dam. The dam was of wood, 100 feet long and 12 feet high, and held back about 10 acres of water. The foundations of those factories nearest the dam were severely threatened by the sudden onrush of water, but they withstood the pressure.

Alleged Violation of Agreement
Lowell, Mass., Nov. 8.—Two hundred and fifty members of the Brussels Weavers' union, the strongest organized body in the mills of the Bigelow Carpet company in this city, went on strike last night, alleging that the agreement relating to wages for day work has been broken. It is probable that the strike will affect other branches of the big mills.

Jim Crow Cars Denounced
Boston, Nov. 8.—Several hundred negro citizens of Boston who gathered last night to observe the 70th anniversary of the death of Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, first martyr to the cause of abolition, unanimously passed a resolution condemning the use of Jim Crow cars in interstate travel as unconstitutional.

Freshet Carried Off Island
Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 8.—Elmore's island, on the Connecticut river, has been obliterated by a freshet, following heavy rains. The island was several acres in extent and was heavily wooded. A flock of sheep, the only living things on the island, were taken away before the water had completely covered it.

BABY'S FACE IN TERRIBLE STATE

Awful Humor Was Eating Away Face and Ears—Body Mass of Sores—Three Doctors Tried to Help Little Sufferer But She Grew Worse—After Spending Many Dollars On Doctors and Medicine

CUTICURA CURES IN TWO WEEKS AT COST OF 75c.

"I feel it my duty to parents of other poor suffering babies to tell you what Cuticura has done for my little daughter. She broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, they all claimed they could help her, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away. Her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents, which is all it cost us to cure our baby, after spending many dollars on doctors and medicines without any benefit whatever. Mrs. George J. Steco, 701 Columbia St., Akron, Ohio, Aug. 30, 1905."

ITCHING TORTURES Speedily Cured by Cuticura

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single application of Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure of the most distressing forms of itching, including humors, eczemas, tetter, rashes, itching, and irritations of infants, children, and adults when all other remedies and even physicians fail. Complete External and Internal Treatment for Itching of Skin, Children, and Adults, and for all Skin Diseases, is given in the Cuticura Ointment Book, to be had free of charge. Send 2c. in stamps for the book. Sold throughout the world. Putter Drug & Chem. Co., Boston, Mass. Be sure to get the genuine Cuticura Soap, and the genuine Cuticura Ointment.

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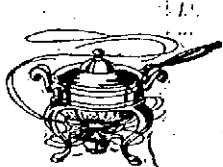
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NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

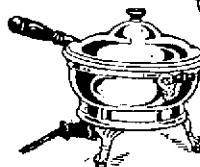
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you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

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SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

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WASHINGTON SQUARE.

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Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, \$4 up. Special Rates by the Week. 2-24 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.



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Furnished Cottages

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H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

The Roosevelt Primer.

A stands for Abhorrence;
While Theodore relays,
The proper emotion
To look upon galas.

B stands for Bully,
A poem in prose,
The highest of praises
The flatter bestows.

C stands for Criminal,
When former words fail,
A nice little pet name
For railroad men all.

D stands for Doer,
Who captures the bun,
But little it matters
Just what he has done.

E stands for Euse,
A condition to slum,
My speeches and edicts
Reserved for but one.

F stands for Fakers,
Most pleasant of words,
To rest the president
Who think they know birds.

G stands for Gully,
The way to decide
On all corporations
Before they are tried.

H stands for Heart,
An organ we hear,
To whose palpitations
All questions are near.

I stands for no other
Than he who is Great,
Illustrous Wisdom,
The Head of the State.

J stands for Justice,
The only one blind,
For to look in the mirror
Might trouble her mind.

K stands for Kinship,
A term meaning much,
Uniting the speaker
With Irish to Dutch.

L stands for Liar,
A numerous band
Whose size is increasing
All over the land.

M, Mollycoddle,
Will properly shame
All his blooded creatures
Who don't play a game.

N stands for Nation,
The only one blind,
In having for Pilot
Incandide Garret.

O stands for Oninion,
However it rains,
The old Constitution
Of course it supplants.

P stands for Potities,
Destined to grow,
Bequeathed to posterity
Whether or no.

Q stands for Quick,
The only one to take
On delicate matters
Where much is at stake.

R stands for Rough Riders,
The regiment brave
That fits every office
The Colonel can save.

S stands for Suicide,
Threatening the race,
Unless little Father
Can bring it to grace.

T stands for Teeth,
Which are molars of awe,
The dental equipment
Of High sanctioned law.

U, Undesirable,
Assures the score
Of citizens wished
Not mentioned before.

V stands for Virtue,
A corner on which
Is held by the lowly
And not by the rich.

W, Weakling,
Applies to the one
Who backs out his notions
With big stick or gun.

X stands for Xtra,
Excesses or ex,
To bust corporations
And settle their hash.

Y stands for Yesterday,
And hence for the ways
That shrewd persons
Are anxious to raise.

Z stands for Zentons,
The spirit to show
In ruling credit
And laying it low.

His Class.

The head of a large mercantile house received not long ago a letter from a millionaire banker in the West, asking that the latter's son be placed in some business house where he could learn "things from the bottom up." The writer explained that his offspring was "no good at home."

Soon after, according to Harper's Weekly, the Western millionaire received the following reply from his New York friend:

"Dear Blank—Your hopeful has arrived. I have given him employment in my establishment at \$6 a week, with others of his class. One of these young men has just bought a \$50,000 yacht, and another comes to the office in a \$9000 motor car. No doubt your son will find his surroundings congenial."

Mike and Pat worked for a wealthy farmer. They planned to turn burglars and steal the money which the farmer had hid in one of the rooms of his house. They waited until midnight, then started to do the job.

In order to get the money they had to pass the farmer's bedroom. Mike says: "I'll go first, and if it's all right you can follow and do just the same as I."

Mike started to pass the room. Just as he got opposite the door, the floor creaked. This awoke the farmer, who called out: "Who's there?"

Mike answered with a "meow" (imitating a cat). The farmer's wife being awake, too, said: "Oh, John, it's the cat," and all was quiet.

Now Pat started to pass the door, and as he got opposite it the floor creaked again. The farmer called out again louder than before: "Who's there?"

Pat answered: "Another cat."

Can any one give me a sure and tested cure for roup in chickens? Add can you tell me where to get the Muscovy ducks and Polish chickens? Walska, Ill. A Subscriber.

—Loop is not easily cured sometimes, and we would not like to promise for a sure cure; dilute carbolic acid, kerosene and turpentine are the most successful remedies. Separate the sick from the well. The subject of roup was fully treated not long ago in our columns; look over back numbers and find the article.—Indiana Farmer.

Mrs. Highbrow—What! You really mean to tell me that you have never read Dante's "Inferno"?

Henry Pecke—Well, you see, I haven't felt that I required to read it—my wife's mother lives with us!

His First Sweetheart.

Her Death Temporarily Shook the Strong Mind of Abraham Lincoln.

Visited annually by thousands of tourists is the grave of Ann Rutledge, in Oakland Cemetery, Mendon county, Ill. It is marked only by a granite boulder carried from a nearby "run," or little stream of water.

Ann Rutledge was the young girl whom Abraham Lincoln loved and whose untimely death is said to have caused even his strong mind to give way temporarily. The quiet resting place is yearly visited by many students of Lincoln history, and as time goes on the number increases. The memories that cluster about the grave of Ann Rutledge will never fade. They recall as to a love story as was ever told. This, however, is not the only grave where she was buried. She died in New Salem, August 25, 1835, and her body was laid to rest in the old Concord Cemetery, about six miles northwest of the old Rutledge tavern, which was the home of Ann when Lincoln first met her.

In the spring of 1830 the remains were transferred to Oakland, which is the burying place near Petersburg. No other grave is near it. At the head had been placed a rough boulder, bearing the name of "Ann Rutledge," chiseled in the enduring granite. That is all, but it recalls the story of a devoted love that, although interrupted by death, was never wholly forgotten.

It was in 1832 that Lincoln boarded at the Rutledge tavern. The cellar and old-fashioned oaken bucket, can still be seen there. Ann, the third daughter, and then 18 years old, was a charming girl. She was of good family, her South Carolina and Kentucky ancestors having been prominent in early colonial affairs. She was well educated for that period and by virtue of her goodness and beauty reigned queen over the hearts of the young men of all the countryside. She became engaged to a young merchant of Salem. He afterward became dissatisfied with the commonplace life of the quiet little town and went back east, from whence he came. Many months elapsed before Ann finally gave him up. In 1835 Lincoln was made postmaster and deputy surveyor, and being in better circumstances than ever before, returned to pay his address to Miss Rutledge. His suit was received with favor and the couple were to have been married the following year. In the meantime Lincoln was to prosecute his law studies and Ann was to go to school.

It is claimed by the old inhabitants of the vicinity that Ann and Abraham loved each other devotedly, but that the girl could not wholly dismiss from her mind thoughts of her old lover who had returned to the east. She imagined that he might return at any time and reproach her with unfaithfulness. She grew melancholy, finally became ill, and, after a brief sickness, died. Old settlers say that Lincoln became wildly distracted over her death, and if he had not been restrained and closely watched he might have resorted to bodily injury. Along the road from Petersburg to New Salem is an old log house, now used as a stable. In Lincoln's time it was the residence of Bowling and Nancy Green. Here, one stormy night, Lincoln monied and went. "I cannot bear," he said, "the thought of the rain and the snow falling upon her grave, where my heart lies buried." Lincoln remained at the house until he gradually regained mastery of himself.

In his wonderful career that followed Lincoln is said to have never gotten over the death of his first love, and that the shade of melancholy was never absent from his face. In 1840 he wooed Mary Todd, of Springfield, Ill., who was from Kentucky, and the wedding day was set for January 21, 1841. Although the bride and guests were ready on the chosen night, Lincoln was absent. He was overcome with melancholy. Miss Todd appreciated his state of mind and refused to give him up. Lincoln told her frankly what caused his grief, and Miss Todd forgave and comforted him. Finally, on November 5, 1842, they were married.

Lincoln always maintained that the spirit of Ann Rutledge was constantly near him and was his inspiration and support in the trying years that followed.

If the horse comes from the field or the road in a heated condition it is not advisable to give him all the water he wants. Give him a pailful or so, and then allow him to cool off, by which time his thirst will have partially subsided. On no account water him within an hour or two after feeding. Running water is best suited for stock, and well water should only be used after being exposed some time to the air, and so become oxygenized.—Weekly Witness.

Henpeck—Did you hear of the nery thing Meekley did?

Underhump—Meekley? The ideal What was it?

Henpeck—His wife went to her tub the other night and when she came back she found the door locked. Meekley kept her waiting for fully two minutes before he answered the bell and then he pretended he had locked the door absent-mindedly.

"Yah, there!" angrily exclaimed Seymour Storey, who had curled himself up and gone to sleep on the sunny side of an ash barrel in the alley. "Wot ye pokin' me thataway for?"

"Excuse me, please," said the rag picker, dropping his iron hook in astonishment. "I did not know dere was a man inside of dem!"—Chicago Tribune.

Gunner—Let me see. What great womany astronomer was it who said: "I think Mars is inhabited, but I may be wrong?"

Guyler—It couldn't have been a woman, old chap.

Gunner—Why not?

Guyler—Because no woman ever said "I may be wrong" in anything.

Social Theory Crank—I tell you, my dear sir, I have found out this question of bread in the average household is a weighty one.

Practical Friend—You talk as if you had been eating some of my wife's biscuits.—Baltimore American.

The third-class passenger service of the English railroads is constantly increasing in popularity at the expense of the other classes.

The professor (lecturing to the hospital students)—Some of you gentlemen are not giving me your closest attention. Mr. Briggs, what do you find under the kidneys?

Future M. D.—Toilet, sir.—M. A. P.

Pet Hedgehog Cunnning.

Some years ago we received a little hedgehog from a friend which soon became a great pet. It was not long before our tubby cat and Tip, the hedgehog, became great friends, eating from the same plate. Puss, being so much quicker than Tip, would always take more than her share of the food.

Tip was patient for a long time, but finally as puss became bolder and bolder he evidently determined to put a stop to her greediness. The next time we put their dinner on the floor Tip quickly ran to the dish and curled himself down in the middle of it.

Soon puss came and tried to get at the food, but the prickles or spines of the hedgehog proved too much for her. For a long time she tried to get near the food, but in vain. Then finally seeing it was useless to try any longer puss slowly turned and walked away.—Chicago Tribune.

A Leading Question.

The younger teachers of the Lincoln School are telling with great glee a good joke on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and most capable instructors in the primary grades of our schools.

It was Harold's first day at school. Miss Blank came down to her desk and said, "What is your name?"

"Harold Smith," the bright youngster replied.

"And how old are you?" went on Miss Blank in her methodical way.

"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?" And the young teachers are laughing still.—Lippincott's.

Correct.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"A man that manages a balloon is called an aeronaut?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And a man who runs an automobile is called a chauffeur?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, what would you call a man who runs a phonograph, pop?"

"Oh—an undesirable citizen, my son!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Noncommittal.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Yes," responded the man at the bar.

"What's that?" queried the court sharply.

"You asked whether I was guilty or not guilty and of course I am. Of the two conditions I could not well escape both."

"But which are you?"

"Aw go on Judge! What's the jury for?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Canvasser—Good morning, madam. I'm introducing a polish for cleaning silver. It is superior to anything now on the market and the price is only 50 cents a box.

Mrs. Stuart (sharply)—Don't want any.

Canvasser—Sorry to have troubled you, madam. I see the lady next door was right.

Mrs. Smart—Eh! What did she say?

Canvasser—She said I needn't waste my time calling here, as you had no silver.

Mrs. Smart—The impudent thing! Give me six boxes!—Chicago Daily News.

The New Cook—Plaze, mum, the butcher did be tellin' me somethin' this mornin' that I'm not after understandin' at all.

The Old Mistress—And what was that?

The New Cook—He told me he'd give me a commission on all the meat I bought av him. Phwat does that mean?

The Old Mistress—It means that we're going to have a new butcher.—Cleveland Leader.

It's a great thing, Senator, isn't it, that it has been found an easy matter to curd the capacity of the trusts under the existing law?

Prominent Statesman—Why, yes; it's—er—considerably easier than we thought it would be when we passed that law.—Chicago Tribune.

Gussie Kallow—My moustache is beginning to be noticeable at last.

Pepprey—Yes, it reminds me of a defeated pugilist I saw at the athletic club's show the other night.

Gussie Kallow—Aw, how—

Pepprey—Down and out.—Philadelphia Press.

"Who is your favorite composer?" asked the musician.

"Mother and the girls were speaking to me about that this afternoon. It's somebody whose pieces sound peculiar and whose name it is impossible to pronounce."—Washington Star.

You can't always tell if a man is well bred from the amount of dough in his possession.

It isn't until a man asks a favor that he discovers some of his friends are merely acquaintances.

Perhaps it is possible for a woman to keep a secret, but most of them are terribly out of practice.

It would do the chronic bore a lot of good to take a few days off and get acquainted with himself.

Some fellows are in such a hurry to do things that they hate to lose time finding out how to do them.

The man who takes a cork out of a bottle by pushing it in is apt to do everything else on the same principle.

From the Gentle Cynic in the New York Times.

Editor's Wife—Listen how the tea kettle sings, my dear!

Editor—Small wonder! I put a lot of "Spring Songs" in the fire just now.—Meadowcroft Blatter.

"I, sir," began Briggs, "am a self-made man."

"Yes," replied Wise, "but why apologize now? That won't help matters."—Philadelphia Press.

"One to-day is worth two to-morrow," said the philosopher.

"You're another," replied Pat. "To-morrow's pay day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Passenger—When does this train start?

Porter—When the whistle blows.—Nos Lohira.

There are only two kinds of children—your own perfect little cherubs and the ill-behaved brats owned by other people.—Town Topics.

"Henry, if a bold, bad man should kidnap me, would you offer a reward?"

"Don't you think he'd be entitled to a reward, Mr. H?"—Houston Post.

No Shop Talk.

A Washington educator is telling a story about a young medical friend of his who is interested in insanity symptoms and in a sort of amateur alienist. The other day the student got a chance to visit one of the wards in the asylum for the insane, and having heard that there was a man confined there who labored under the hallucination that he was God the student asked that he be allowed to see this patient first, as he appeared the most promising for investigation. He was taken to the ward where the lunatic was confined and the following conversation ensued:

Student—Are you the Deity?

Lunatic—From everlasting unto everlasting I am he.

Student—Well, I've been looking for you for a long time. I have a question to ask you. How do you reconcile the doctrine of predestination and free will?

The lunatic drew himself up to his full height and giving the medico a scornful glance replied: "My dear sir, I never talk shop."—Washington Star.

"That man who has been asking for employment," said the private secretary, "says that he knows all about rail-roading in this country."

"He does, eh?" rejoined Mr. Dustin Stax. "Well, just inform him that if he tries to tell me we will see him for him immediately."—Washington Star.

Old Lady (improving the occasion)—Ah, my poor own, you would not be in this position if you had received an early training in some trade or calling.

Trump—Don't you talk too sudden about not you don't know notting about it, missus. No training, indeed! W'y, I was in prison afore I was fourteen.—London Mail.

Hicks—Talk about Friday being an unlucky day! George Washington was born on Friday, the Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday, and the battle of Buicker Hill was fought on Friday.

Wicks—Well, all that was unlucky for the British, wasn't it?—Somerville Journal.

Old Gentleman—Well, my son, and who is this little boy?

Willie—Aw, dat's my cousin.

Old Gent—Your first cousin?

Willie—I should say not! I had about thirty before he was born.—Chicago News.

Miss Kreech—Some authorities believe that the practice of slugging will keep a person from getting consumption.

Mr. Knox—Yes, but most authorities believe to "the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Ticked by the Poet—"Tudius, you know," said the widely read man, "are very stupid. They're never known to laugh."

"Of I don't know," replied the slipshod person. "The poet Longfellow made Miume-hana."—Philadelphia Press.

He (bitterly)—You have no heart. She—What nonsense!

He—It's the truth. You flirt outrageously with every man you meet.

She—Then I must have a very large heart to give a little of it to so many.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Were you glad the jury disagreed?" the prisoner was asked.

"Not altogether," he replied thoughtfully. "After hearing the lawyer's plea for me I really had some curiosity as to the question of my guilt."—Philadelphia Press.

Young Seads—I don't want to go to college, dad.

Old Seads—You'll have to, my boy, because you can't afford to neglect it. I had to give a college a million last year in order to get my degree.—Puck.

"Now, Charlie," said the sweet faced little woman, "before you come into Sunday school, don't you think it would be nice to take your gum out of your mouth?"

"Yesum, but it ain't mine, it's my brudder's."—New York Press.

Jorkins—Drugged and robbed! Why don't you have some action taken in the matter?

Jouson—I can't. I suppose the fellow had my permission. You see, he was my doctor.—New Yorker.

"Don't I give you all the money you need?" her husband complained.

"Yes," she replied, "but you told me before we were married that you would give me all I wanted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"The doctor said he would put me on my feet again in two weeks."

"Well, didn't he do it?"

"Yes, he did, indeed. I had to sell my bicycle to pay his bill."—Exchange.

Patience—What reason had she for marrying him? Patrice—Why, he had money. Patience—That is not a reason; that is an excuse.—Yonkers Statesman.

American Magnate—What! You insist upon my settling a million on you? Why, yesterday you said only \$500,000.

Duke—But since then I've seen the girl.—Town Topics.

Miss (to new maid)—Above all things, I expect you to be reticent. Maid—Yes, ma'am, certainly. (Curiously) But what is there to be reticent about?—Lustig Blatter.

"Marie, can't you play tennis without making all that noise?" "Now, ma, who in the world ever heard of anyone's playing tennis without a racket?"—Baltimore American.

"Did you say the fellow that Belle Smartleigh married for his money was worth a million?" "No, I didn't say he was worth it; I said he owed that much."—Baltimore American.

Solemn Man—Do you hear the clock slowly ticking? Do you know what day it is ever bringing near?

Cheerful man—Yes, pay day.

"He had his wife arrested for non-support." "Prominent society?" "Not hitherto. This affair may help them some."—Lonsville Courier-Journal.

"I dreamed last night that you were nagging me for a new suit hat."

"So that's why you were growling in your sleep?"—Washington Herald.

Ethel—What a finely-chisled mouth you have. It ought to be on a girl's face.

Jack—Well, I seldom miss an opportunity. —Tit-Bits.

A writer says that whipping a boy may make him stupid. It may be, but it is more likely to make him smart.—Roosevelt.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in black stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Miss R. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

NOTES.

HAVENS.

Thomas Havens, a native of Wickford, R. I., was a Revolutionary soldier and engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill. He served from beginning to end of the war but "was a militia man, militia man and volunteer at all, not belonging to the regular army and therefore received no pension."

He married, 1770, Mary Smith of Wickford, and after the war moved to Ballston, Saratoga Co., N. Y., thence to Yates Co. in 1810. Had nine children.

1. Joseph born Ballston, (?) 1773, married, 1800, Mary Weed of Ballston, born Oct. 17, 1780 (on the day of Cornwallis's surrender). Six years after marriage they moved to Benton, Yates Co., where he purchased a farm. He died in 1856, and his wife survived him. He was by trade a carpenter, and assisted in building the first hotel and spring house at Ballston. From 1822 to 1832 he kept a noted tavern, "becoming disgusted with whiskey traffic he left the business and served in various town offices." He was an ardent politician and an admirer of Gen. Jackson to whom he presented after his election to the Presidency in 1828, a sash made entirely of hickory baplings, with the bark on, which unique vehicle attracted much attention as he rode in it to Washington to witness the inauguration, and it is said "it was received by the hero as a handsome compliment."

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6518. CLARK—Elizabeth (Betsey) Clark, b. 1785, d. July 1806, m. Oct. 23, 1783, Daniel Gardner, b. Oct. 9, 1738, in Colchester Co., Conn., moved to Norwich, Conn., died May 12, 1805-6. Wanted, anything of Elizabeth or her ancestry.—N. R. F.

6514. HORTON—Eunice Horton, b. 1705, m. Nov. 7, 1724, Nathaniel Buel Porter, b. Apr. 29, 1734, d. Nov. 4, 1759, Porter Gene. gives this. Wanted, anything of Eunice, or her ancestry.—N. R. F.

6515. ELDRIDGE—Lyman Eldridge, b. West Springfield, Mass., June 19, 1792, d. Lawrence, Kans. 1853, m. July 10, 1818 Phebe Winchell, he was son of Amos & Mercy Eldridge, Wanted, anything of Amos & Mercy.—N. R. F.

6518. HURLBURT or HURLBURT—Mindwell Hurlbut, b. Turkey Hills, Conn. Dec. 23, 1753, d. West Springfield, Mass. Jan. 17, 1850, m. June 21, 1797, Elisha Winchell, of Turkey Hills. Wanted, anything of Mindwell or her ancestry.—N. R. F.

6517. ESKRIS or ESKRIS—Madad, Esquire b. Barnardston, Mass. Oct. 17, 1774, d. Feb. 29 (?) 1819. Wanted, anything of him, his wife, or ancestors.—N. R. F.

6518. WRIGHT—Joseph Wright, a cooper, of Ware, Mass. b. Sept. 21, 1721, d. Moody Brook 1783, m. 1749, Jane Cook. Wanted, anything of Joseph or his ancestors.—N. R. F.

6519. LAWRENCE—Wanted, the parents of Mary who m. Joseph Lawrence of Elizabeth (Smith) (Lawrence) (Carter) (Towley).—N. R. F.

6520. HUNT—Wanted, the parents of Josiah Hunt, b. Mar. 1673, m. Dec. 29, 1695, Abigail Hunt. He was of Westchester, N. Y., Abigail was dau. of Robert Hunt or Hunt, & Elizabeth Buxton m. at Stamford, Conn. Jan. 6, 1655. Who were Elizabeth Buxton's parents?—N. R. F.

6521. PERRY—Wanted, parents of Susannah Perry of Scarborough, Me., who m. Samuel Scott, Dec. 29, 1743. Her mother is said to have been a Giles of Casco Bay. I should be very glad to know something of these people.—N. R. F.

6522. BRIGGS—Edward Briggs b. 1665, d. 1713, of Tiverton, R. I., m. Sarah. Who were her parents?—N. R. F.

6523. BURLING—Wanted name of wife of Edward Burling, who settled in Long Island in 1680, d. there 1697. (In fly leaf mss. bound in Gene. of Bloem family at N. Y. Gene. Rooms, her name is given as Grace Townley).—N. R. F.

6524. FOLGER—Wanted parents of Sarah Folger of Boston who m. Richard Smith, founder of Smithtown, L. I.—N. R. F.

6525. BROWN or BRUNY—Wanted parents of Abraham, Ever & Hendrick Brown or Bruyn of Fordham, N. Y. Hendrick's will filed 1787.—N. R. F.

6526. MUSE—Wanted parents of Thos. & John Muse of Westmoreland Co., Va., Thos. m. Elizabeth (?). Will dated 1720. Had Christopher, Daniel, James Nicholas, John, Thos., Anne & Mary.—N. R. F.

6527. INGRAM—Holmes—Can J. D. G. tell me whose daughter Abigail (Ingram) Chesebrough was? Would also like to know where Fear (Stargle) Holmes is buried. An answer to either of these questions would be a great favor.—J. C. L.

Gertrude Maude Stevens.

Gertrude Maude Stevens, daughter of the late Major-General Isaac L. Stevens, whose sudden death occurred on the 14th October, 1907, at her home in Dorchester, was one of those noble and lovely characters who bless all with whom they come in contact, and leave behind them a memory fragrant with kindness, gentleness, and good deeds. She was born in Bucksport, Me., April 23, 1850, her father, an engineer officer of the army, being stationed there, building Fort Knox at the narrow of the Penobscot. In 1854, when he took his family via the isthmus of Panama to the newly organized territory of Washington, of which he was the first governor, she contracted so severe an attack of the deadly Panama fever that her life was despaired of by the physicians in San Francisco, but was saved by the ministrations and care of her father, who took hold after the doctors had given up all hope. At Olympia on Puget Sound she at length recovered from this attack, and became a well, strong, and active child. After her father's death in 1892 she passed her girlhood in Roxbury, Mass., with her mother and family, attended school, took music lessons and other studies considered requisite for a young lady's education. She had a bright, active mind, and pursued her studies with even too great zeal, at one time becoming quite run down in consequence.

In 1897 she again went to the Pacific Coast with her mother and family, her brother, General Hazard Stevens, having gone there after the Civil War, and resided in Portland, Ore., and Olympia, Wash., until 1874. She was an unusually attractive young girl and woman, beautiful in form and feature, with long, silken, light hair, a sunny and buoyant disposition, full of life and energy, delighting in horseback riding, boating, and walking, yet ever kind, gentle, and thoughtful of others. In 1874 she returned with her family to Boston, where she has since resided in the Dorchester District since 1890. For seven years, from 1873 to 1880, she suffered from nervous prostration, but bore her trials with unflinching patience and cheerfulness; and although she recovered her health in a measure, she was subjected to several severe illnesses afterwards. These illnesses undermined her naturally fine constitution, and were undoubtedly the cause of the apoplectic stroke which terminated her life so suddenly.

She never spoke an unkind word of any one, had an instinctive aversion to gossip or criticism of others of a censorious nature. She was full of sympathy and human kindness for the afflicted and distressed. She had great benevolence. She took great interest in religious work, and always taught in the Sunday-schools until the last few years of her life. She was a Unitarian, but her sympathies were not restricted by creed or church. She had a fine intellectual mind, was a great reader, and had studied French and German much. She had also studied music much in her earlier years, and was a fine performer upon the piano. Despite her wearing trials of illness she was always cheerful. Her watchful and assiduous care of and attention to her aged mother was the chief object of her later years. She was fond of flowers and animals and all the works of nature which ever appeared beautiful to her eyes. Every year she took great interest and pleasure in planting seeds and bulbs, and having a profusion of plants and flowers. She was buried next her father in the beautiful Island Cemetery in Newport, R. I.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The County Election.

Throughout Newport County Republicans were everywhere elected to office on Tuesday. In Middletown and in Tiverton there were contests, but as all the candidates were Republicans anyway the standing of the county would not be seriously affected whichever way the election went.

In the town of Middletown there was a very hot contest between the regular Republican nominees and the Good Government Club, in which the latter won. For Senator, Abraham A. Brown, received 146 votes to 123 for Charles H. Ward, and for Representative, Frank T. Peckham received 144 to 124 for Lionel H. Peabody. The vote for Governor was about the same as last year, 192 for Jackson to 51 for Higgins.

In Jamestown there was what was expected to be a contest over the Senatorship, but the opposition to Senator Caswell proved to be hardly more than "scattering." William F. Caswell received 153 votes to 26 for H. Audley Clarke. There was no contest for Representative, Isaac H. Clarke being re-elected.

In Tiverton George K. Lawton beat Henry J. Frost by 88 plurality, having 401 votes to 313 for Frost. Frank F. Grinnell was re-elected Representative without opposition. In Little Compton Philip H. Wilbour and Roswell B. Burchard were re-elected without opposition, as were Elbridge L. Stoddard and Henry C. Anthony in Portsmouth, and J. Eugene Littlefield and Ray G. Lewis in New Shoreham. The town of New Shoreham also voted against license.

Dr. and Mrs. John A. Young have returned from their wedding trip and are at their home on Broadway.

NEWPORT.

11. FOR SALE:

Newport houses and lots sold on 90 per cent. mortgage or will exchange for New York City or New Jersey property.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

12. FOR SALE:

Land on Whitwell Ave. Low prices.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

Dustoline.

Dustoline proved a very efficacious repressor of dust in the hot summer months on our roads and avenues; so much so that its praises have been celebrated by some very witty verses which appeared in the Civic League Bulletin for October. As a well known lady in Newport, identified with the Civic League, has the initials T. T. one is not far astray in attributing them to Miss Theodora Taylor of civility. We print them below for the benefit of our readers.

GIVE TO DUSTOLINE.

What is it makes our streets so clean
That clouds of dust are never seen?
The surface now is smooth and brown
Of every highway in our town.
The Summer girl her gayest gown
Shy veer, and even left it down;
No loam can happen here, I veen
Because we sprinkle Dustoline!

The motor cars came hurtling by,
Swift as the deadly missiles fly.
When, from the gun on turret high
Huge cannon balls shake earth and sky—
How could we then their numbers lake
Wrapped in the cloud of dust they make?
But now, the lanes' clearly seen
Ah by the salt of Dustoline!

And those within the cars who ride
Can look about from chie to side,
No need the head and face to hide
In mask or veil securely tied.
They gaze on many a rattle scene
And bless thy name, oh Dustoline!

'Tis true the bicyclists complain,
Full often using language—vile
In verse to utter, or expelling—
Words giving to the godly, pain.
The cause? They're riding on the road
Fit only for the furnace fire,
And this they say, with justice mean,
Is all the fault of Dustoline!

But he who walketh on the street
No longer goes with whitened feet;
His boots and garments still look neat
Even through the sultry Summer heat.
And this he owns, with pleasure keen,
Is due to thee, dear Dustoline!

Then let us keep his memory green
Who first invented Dustoline!

T. T.

Rev. A. P. Record, a former minister of the Channing Memorial church, will supply the pulpit of that church on Sunday, in exchange with the pastor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage deed, made by James D. Hilder (with Rebecca E. Hilder in release or dowry), to the Savings Bank of Newport, dated October 31, 1891 and recorded in Volume 26, pages 122 and 498 of the Mortgage Land Evidence of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, and afterwards assigned to me, broker of the execution of said mortgage having been made and still existing; the undersigned will sell at public auction, on Fair Street in front of Charles E. Hildner & Son, Monday, the 25th day of November A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which said James D. Hilder and Rebecca E. Hilder had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did by said Mortgage convey, in or to that parcel of land in said City of Newport, with dwelling house and improvements thereon, situated on Fair Street, Westernly on the Langer estate, Northernly on lands of Durfee, formerly of John L. Barker deceased, and Easternly on land of Charles E. Hildner & Son, or hereafter now bounded; said property being all that was granted by said Mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part thereof. And the said Undersigned hereby gives notice that he intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

CONSTANT SMITH,
Attorney of the Mortgage.
Newport, Nov. 9, 1907.—11-9-1 W.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage deed, executed by James T. Allen & Henry C. Allen, of the City of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the Island Savings Bank, a corporation created by law and in and by the Mortgage Land Evidence of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, and afterwards assigned to me, broker of the execution of said mortgage having been made and still existing; the undersigned will sell at public auction, on Monday, the 25th day of November A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, all that certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport and bounded as follows, viz: Northernly, on land of the Island Savings Bank, seventy-eight and three-fourths feet (78 3/4); Southernly, on Warner street, thirty-seven feet and eight-eighths of a foot (37 7/8); Southernly, on land of Aylsworth, seventy-four feet and eight-tenths of a foot (74 8/10); and Northernly, on the City Cemetery, a westerly front and forty-five hundredths of a foot (45 1/2); and containing two thousand, three hundred and twenty-nine (2329) square feet of land, more or less. Subject to the provision of the alleyway.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

THE ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. FROUD,
Treasurer,
Mortgagee.
Newport, R. I., Nov. 8, 1907.—11-9-1 W.

Probate Court of the City of Newport,
November 7th, 1907.

Estate of Dennis W. Sheehan.

JULIA A. SHEEHAN, Administratrix of the estate of Dennis W. Sheehan, late of said Newport deceased, presents her petition, representing in the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of a certain parcel of land with buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the City of Newport and bounded and described as follows: Northernly, on Kusley's street, 32 feet and 7 inches; Southernly, on land now or formerly of Joshua Sever, 32 feet and 7 inches; Easternly, by land of J. Sullivan, 32 feet and 7 inches; and Westernly, by land of M. Stuy, 12 feet; said measurements more or less, and containing about 121 square feet of land, upon which premises there is a mortgage given by said Dennis W. Sheehan and which is now held by the Island Savings Bank, and is recorded in Volume 15 of the Mortgage Land Evidence of the City of Newport, and further representing that, by a mortgage of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that she may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and that notice of said sale be referred to the said probate court of the City of Newport, on Tuesday, the 12th day of November next, at 12 o'clock noon, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
D-93w Clerk.

CARR'S LIST.

Our Girls,

By Howard C. Christy.

DAYS OFF, By Henry Van Dyke.

THE OLD PEABODY PEV, By Kate D. Wiggin.

THE BEST MAN, By Harold MacGrath.

THE LITTLE COLOMBEL'S KNIGHT COMES RIDING, By A. P. Johnston.

MARGARET, By R. Haggard.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

STEINWAY

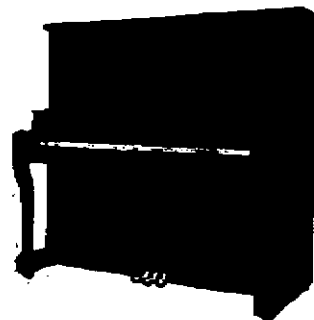
HUME

JEWETT

CURTIS

WOODBURY

PIANOS



THIS ELEGANT JEWETT PIANO VALUE \$400.00

ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY

A numbered ticket will be given with every paid purchase except on EDISON and VICTOR products.

Large purchases for spot cash enable us to offer all merchandise at city prices, and in many instances at even lower prices.

Courteous treatment is extended to all visitors. You are as welcome if you merely come to look as if to buy. Won't you come in to-day?

Mail and telephone (No. 935) orders promptly filled.

TALKING

MACHINE

DEPARTMENTS

VICTOR

EDISON

All Machines and Records

in stock

BARNEY'S

Music Store,

154

THAMES STREET.

PIANO TUNING

AND

REPAIRING

EXPERT

WORKMEN

HONEST PRICES

The PIANOLA PIANO, the Piano any one can play.

THE PIANOLA

With the aid of the Pianola any-

one can play any piece on any

Piano.

OH DEAR NO!
OH DEAR YES!

The difference between what it was and what it is, and this is how it all came about. We used to sell our beds and then from catalogue—couldn't afford to carry them in stock, too high cost. Now, with 3 big stores selling about 200 brass beds each year the makers tune has changed. "Please sell our beds" is what they sing now, please sell us a bed is what it used to be, and we did the singing. Now we do the fiddling.

BRASS BEDS.

There's a magnificent showing of these home beautifiers on our floors now, and the prices are so reasonable that they can no longer be looked upon as "out of the question." For instance, there's one little beauty here with heavy 12 inch posts and 4 inch filler beautifully designed and in rich dull brass finish with bright polished trimmings at the modest price of

\$20.00

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.



DOING THE MARKETING

was once a long and tiresome part of the household duties. Nowadays, a few minutes at the telephone every morning and the marketing is done.

Consult us for rates.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

"Take dinner with us tomorrow

Count." Could you not make it breakfast?

I have numerous invitations to dinner each week, but I cannot live on 35 one meal a day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Simpson—Shall I read you this animal story, Willie?

Willie—With or without?

"With or without what?"

"Anilavits."—Life.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix on the estate of her former mother, FANNETT N. WARD, Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased; that she has given bond to said Court, as required, and is now duly qualified to act as such Administratrix. All persons having claims against the estate of said FANNETT N. WARD are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

SARAH M. WARD,
Administratrix.
Middletown, R. I., Oct. 24, 1907.—10-24-1 W.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Poll Tax Notice.

ALL VOTERS who have not been assessed a tax on either real or personal estate have been assessed a Poll Tax of \$1, and are hereby notified to call at the office for bond by mail and pay the same between October 15 and November 15.

The office is open daily from 10:30 a. m. to 4:00 p. m., and on Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Chapter 90, Sec. 1 of 1890, and Chap. 17, Sec. 1 of 1895, are in full as follows:

If any person against whom a tax is assessed in accordance with the provisions of this chapter shall refuse or neglect to pay the same for thirty days after the same is due, the collector of taxes shall demand the same of such persons with twenty-five cents for the cost of such demand; and if any such person upon whom demand is made as aforesaid shall neglect or refuse to pay such tax, he shall be liable to the cost of making such demand, within five days after the date of such demand, then the collector of taxes shall, unless said tax has been remitted or is hereby before provided, levy upon the body of said person and commit him to jail in the county of Providence, there to remain until he shall pay said tax and all legal costs, including cost of making the demand aforesaid, or be discharged therefrom in due course of law.

The Supreme Court of the State has recently rendered an opinion sustaining this law in every particular.

H. W. COZZENS, Collector of Taxes,
Room 10, City Hall,
Newport, R. I., Oct. 12, 1907.—10-12-1 W.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

BY VIRTUE and by pursuant of an Execution No. 1111 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the tenth day of August, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, November tenth, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1907, in favor of Charles F. Higgins, of said Newport, against Herbert Wicker, alias, do hereby give notice that I will sell at public auction, to-wit: on the 15th day of November, 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

ASD.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEHLIUS,
Deputy Sheriff.

10-10-1 W.

O'Madgo—Miss Prim is always looking under the bed.

Major—She would be more likely to find a man if she looked under an auto.—Smart Set.

"Jones is a slave of fashion." "I hadn't noticed that he was a very well dressed." "He isn't, but he has to work overtime to keep his wife supplied with frocks."—Cleveland Leader.